

We are the riders, facing the storm
Conviction guides us taking the scorn
Denying the yes-man, never being the fool
Longing for freedom, our aim is true
We are so loaded holding the flame
Screaming in anger our rights to claim
Heeding our call
We are too proud we want it all
Never give in
Strong and proud we'll survive the grief
Scream and shout for what we believe
Tipping the scales never biting our tongue
Freedom is calling the heart of the young
We are the riders, facing the storm
Conviction guides us taking the scorn
Denying the yes-man, never being the fool
Longing for freedom, our aim is true
Fist up high, freedom to defend
Dark to deny, unation stands